

Try Your Luck

Saucy Santana

(Tre Trax, I think we got one, haha)
(It's Trax season bruh)

Straight off the ripper
Y'all hoes wanna diss, now I'ma show you a killer
Soft ho, you can't stop my shine
Pussy ho, you can't stop my grind
I push the pen, you can't take what's mine
I lead the pack, bitch, stay in line
I'm on your ass and you can't take that
You ain't mad at me, you mad at my glow up, ho, just say that
Now let's get down to business
Don't have no broke niggas at the top of your hit list
Shifting gears on the dick
Gotta stay in control of the stick
The same hatin' hoes say, "Can I get a pic sis?"
Well I'm the bogeyman, I got a treat for your trick bitch
Yup, I'm at the top of the food chain
I took off on you hoes and I started a new lane
Yup, I got your man, he my boo thing
EA Sports, bitch, it's all in the game
You silly hoes really think y'all want fame
Well it's tax season, I'm your mammy and I came to claim
Stop makin' fake pages
Fraud hoes always actin' like they me
Stop makin' fake beef
A bitch like me wanna take it to the streets (Hoo)
I was regular, now I'm up
From the top, lookin' down, look like you stuck
I'm in my bag for real, bitch, run it up
Loud online, real life, their tail be tucked, yeah
Really wit' the shits, a real gangster bitch
In the middle of the club like, "What's up?" (Ha)
'Bout my dollars bitch, call me "Money Makin' Mitch"
Think this a game? Tuhh, try your luck

If you can't maintain, stay in your motherfuckin' lane
Don't hate hate the player, hate the game, bitch

I went from rags to riches, some friends done changed up
Congrats to disses because I came up
Got my hater blockers on, it's tunnel vision
If you can't beat 'em, join 'em, better make your decision
Let me clear this air, I can't see through the smoke
Fame made me a savage, let me show you cutthroat
A crowd full of whispers, a page full of comments
But it don't phase me, it ain't makin' no commas
I put the D in dividends, not the D in drama
But if we gotta take it there, trust it's gon' be trauma
Traumatizing for you
You think you know my story but you ain't got a clue (Ah)
I changed the game, I'm on the rise
Try to go against me, boy, they know I'm the vibe
Daddy up the road, see him when I'm 35
Mama taught me how to hustle but had to fight to survive
Speakin' of 35, that nigga brought me the plug
How the gay boy on the block sellin' a purse full of drugs? (Ah)

Yippie yah yo, yippie yah yah yay
Snatchin' controllers from you niggas, I am not here to play
(Santana think he all that)
New whip, new waist, tell a hatin' ass ho she can fall back
Bitch, I started this shit, better play your position
Gotta respect the game, gotta respect the transition
I'm still snatchin' your wigs, call me hair physician
Million dollar deal, on a billion dollar mission
Silly bitches want the beef while I'm stackin' that cheese
Niggas beggin' me for mercy, talkin' 'bout, "Santana, please"
I see the comments, don't play on my top
I had my nuts on you hoes but now it's time to drop (Woo)
Click your page, that shit say "Follow back"
Respond to beef over beats, let me call up Tre Trax

It's 2020, bitch
This ain't no motherfuckin' game
Real gangster bitch
Really wit' the motherfuckin' shits
And I don't do this shit for no motherfuckin' TV
This right here, this real reality
Yeah (Yeah), ha